



## ENTITLED "THE MORNING HERALD."

The Loved and Lost.  
The loved and lost! why do we call them lost?  
Because we miss them from our outward road  
God's answer is sent over our pathway now,  
Looked on us all, and living and dying,  
Brought us all back from life's weary load.

Theodore Parker, they are within the walls,  
With a smile bright, and loved ones gone before,  
In their Father's presence forevermore,  
And God blessed their Lord, their Judge and King.

And this we call a loss! O words little said!

Let us look round, and what strife the journey hath!

We'll have to leave it, and avoid the narrow,

That surely must exceed this night of death!

Aye, look upon this dreary, desert path,

These are the difficulties wherever we turn,

What trials and what tears, what woes and wrath,

What scenes of woe and what strife the journey hath!

They're deeper than those that lie ahead,

Let us look round, and what strife the narrow,

We'll have to leave it, and avoid the narrow,

That surely must exceed this night of death!

A poor wayfarer, leading by the hand!

A little child, had bated by the well,

To walk from off her feet the clinging sand,

And tell the tired boy that bright land,

Where the long journey past, he longed to dwell!

What is the Lord, who many nations bide,

Drew near and took up his abode in the valley,

The people of Israel, O! Give us a home,

In safety, reward and complete safety we'd,

I'll bring him with me when I go,

But there's no rest for me, I'll be bated on,

It is not joy, where every day seems gone,

To see his loved ones laid on the beach!

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